together. The wires were first soldered, then "scarfed," and finally soldered again.

The whole length of the "scarf" was then wound with a fine wire, which, in turn, was soldered. Gutta percha is used in the process, and is drawn carefully over the copper conductor. A small lump is at first caused, but this is worked down to the size of the original casting by the jointer. After being cooled in an ice tank, canvas is covered over it and then the outside steel armor is put back, which consists of winding steel wires for a distance of thirty or more feet of the cable.

The splicing occupied about two hours. After it had been done the Mackay-Bennett started for Sandy Hook, and the paying out of the cable began. The end was dropped and marked with a buoy, and was left to be fastened at the first opportunity afforded by the weather.

The system is expected to be fully completed by the first of the year. There have been times in the past when, during heavy storms, connection with Fire Island was cut off. This will now be made impossible, and the service is expected to give all the hotels immediate notice of the time when vessels are sighted. The Astoria and the Hoffman House will be the first to have this service, but it is intended to extend to every hotel in New-York.

FOX HUNTING IS ON.

IT IS A GREAT DIVERSION AMONG THE FASHIONABLE YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH.

From The Chicago Times-Herald.

Musical are the sounds that come from the valleys and float through needles of the pine and the cedar in the Southland these crisp nights in November. Strains sweeter than the notes from Astalian flutes mingle with the disturbed screech-owl. Long ago, the whip-poor-will ceased to ask about Jack and his widow. Bullfrogs have many moons since hunted up winter homes and have gone to them. No longer do guineas and peacocks make the night air discordant with their cries. Night-hawks are too sleepy to send shivers up the spines of men walking in the forests. Bright gleam the stars from above, and crisp is the air in the Gulf States. Everything seems to be tuned for the fox-hound. No other voices mingle with his in the evenings. He barks.

There are three classes of hounds in the South. One is the deer dog, and is trained to pay attention to no other animal. The next is the fox-hound, and when a puppy he is fed on fox meat and made to understand that chasing the red fellow will be his future. If at any time one of these dogs should chase after a wildcat, possum, coon or rabbit he is whipped. Two or three sound applications of a switch will cure him. Then there is the hog-hound, a dog that is taught to pay attention only to wild hogs that roam in the forests, and by this time of the year are fat enough to kill. He does his work in a peculiar way. He will trace a bunch of "razor backs" until he has them all bayed. Then he bristles up and makes like he is going to eat them up there and then. But he is only bluffing. Usually he is a coward. The hogs resent his barks and start for him. The dog back-backs until he has trapped them in a pen that has been constructed somewhere in the forest. Then he goes home and sleeps until it is ready to go into the swamp again.

A deer-hound is shorter of wind than his brother whose business is with foxes. A deer chase rarely consumes more than three hours. A buck will fool around a neighborhood with the dogs until he finds out that he has got to attend to business, and then he ups and does it. He makes a line for a river or some big body of water and plunges in. By the time the hounds have arrived at the water's edge the game is in swimming. As there never was a hound dog that loved water, he doesn't follow, but goes home. But with the fox-hound, he is supposed to stay in the field until the chicken thief is captured. I have known dogs to run for twenty hours. It is not infrequently the case in the Virginias that a fox will elude his pursuers for twenty-four hours, avoiding holes and steering clear of hollow trees. They seem to know that if they ever stop it's all day with them.

A fox never runs in a straight line for more than a couple of miles. He circles about. He will get to a mountain and wind his trail around it, going higher and higher toward the top with each revolution, something on the order of a buzzard in the air, until he gets to the top. Then he makes a cut for the valley and commences the same thing over again. A fox is a shrewd animal, as everybody tells us, but I never could understand why, when jumped by hounds, he didn't go somewhere. He plays about, as if thinking all along that the dogs would stop in a moment or so and let him alone. If he were to pick out a star and go in its direction he would outstrip the dogs and make life for himself much easier. No hunter ever shot a fox as long as it was ahead of the dogs. That would forever bar him from the respect of his fellow-men. It is proper to give him a show for his life. If he can out-general the dogs, or find a hole long enough and with angles in it enough to defy the dogs, he is safe.

In Georgia and Alabama he is found in greater numbers than in any other part of the country. Once upon a time he was quite prominent in the Virginias, but of late years he is known to but few localities there. Foxes breed rapidly, and are always hungry for chickens. For that reason it is said that the plantation darky and Mr. Reynard are related, but I guess that's a mistake. Anyhow, it is a toss up of a coin as to which is the most harmful around fowl roosts. A fox will get into a chicken coop and unless disturbed will remain there until every fowl has been slaughtered, and he can kill a chicken much quicker than a cat can a rat. He grabs it around the neck, gives his head a sudden jerk and it is all over. His particular delight is to be turned loose among a flock of goslings. He won't tackle a rooster.

Fox hunting parties in the South are fashionable among young people in a like manner as is lawn tennis in the North and East. Your Southern cousin doesn't care any more for tennis, golf and such like than a Chinaman does for baseball. But she loves to follow the hounds, and if her father owns a pack she has a horse that she has trained and knows the business. It is no uncommon sight in the country districts where fences are made of rails and the woods are open to see dozens of young women galloping on horseback with the swiftness of the wind, trying to get as near the dogs as possible. I have known them to remain in the saddle for ten and twelve hours and then go home and cook breakfast for the party.

IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

A TRUE SHARK STORY.

From The Spectator.

"How very hard it is to provide for a young, fast-growing family nowadays," said the mother shark, turning, for the hundredth time that morning, upon her broad side in order to get a better view of what might be stirring above. For nearly a week she had been fasting—in fact, ever since she came in hurriedly at the close of a great feast upon the stripped carcass of a recent whale. There, by dint of the energy of her massive shoulders, her fourteen feet of length and fivefold rows of triangular teeth, she had managed to secure a respectable proportion of the spoil for the replenishing of her own huge maw, as well as for the upkeep of the fourteen sharklings that were now restlessly darting in and out of their cosey cave at the far end of her capacious throat.

Within the immediate range of her glance a vast black shadow obscured a wide, irregularly shaped area of the blazing sunshine. It was so calm that the shadow seemed stationary. In the direction of this cool penumbra her gaze lingered earnestly. For hereditary instinct as well as long experience gave her the knowledge that from the substance of such shadows came food dropping down, varied and toothsome, actually alive upon rare occasions. Somewhat impatiently she wondered at the long time that her little blue and gold attendant had been gone. He was so seldom absent from his place between her eyes for a whole minute that she got quite uneasy. But while she fidgeted fretfully, with many twitchings of her flexible "gaff topsail," back came the pilot-fish in a tearing hurry. "Now, then, partner, move along, do. There's a lump of fat pork almost as big as your head hanging over that ship's stern. I don't quite understand why it doesn't sink, but it is good. I nibbled just a crumb, and you can be sure this time that it is no bagful of cinders like that nasty mouthful that gave you the chest-ache so bad this morning." The latter part of this energetic exordium was lost upon mother shark, being drowned in the wash set up by her great tail fin, which was going in grand style, starting her off at such a rate that two or three stragglers of the family had to skip like shrimps to get indoors before they were left behind and lost.

Straight as an arrow to the mark went the tiny guide, keeping just in front of his huge friend's snout. Together they swept into the shadow, where, sure enough, a mass of meat hung just below the sea surface, though gently lifted almost out of water every now and then. "Oh, do look, mamma! there's a big fish. Is he going to eat up that pretty little one, do you think?" "Oh, no, my little man," struck in the mate, "but you watch him now." As he spoke the great gray body took a curve laterally, a dazzling glare of white appeared, and there beneath the speaker was a crescentic gap in the smooth, livid underside, fringed with innumerable points like chevaux-de-frise, and as big as the gape of a coal sack. Around it the small pilot circled excitedly at top speed. Slowly it rose beneath the bait, which the mate as gently slacked away, there was a gulp, and the big joint disappeared. There was a flash, a splash and an eddy. Then the rope attached to the shark hook concealed in that pork groaned over the rail as it felt the strain.

"Lay aft the watch!" roared the mate, and amid the trampling of many feet, a babel of directions, and a tremendous tumult alongside, through the writhings of the captive monster, she was transferred forward to the lee gangway, where, by the aid of a stout watch-tackle, she was hoisted out of water.

"Don't take him aboard," cried the captain. "Make such an infernal mess if you do. Just spritsle yard him 'n' let him go again." So a piece of scantling was got from the carpenter, pointed at both ends, about four feet long. This they drove through her jaws from side to side. Another wedge-shaped piece was planted diagonally down through her broad snout, the upper end pointing forward. Then they cut off the wide pectoral fins, letting the quivering carcass fall into the sea again by the simple expedient of chopping the hook out. "What abominable cruelty," muttered a gentle-faced man among the crowding passengers, as he turned away sick at heart. But the bustling seamen looked pityingly at him, wondering, doubtless, at his lack of sporting instincts. Thus disabled, the miserable monster plunged blindly in uncertain directions, unable to steer herself, unheeding the frantic caresses of her faithful little satellite, who had almost exhausted himself by leaping up at her as she hung struggling against the vessel's side. Neither did she notice the puzzling, wavering movements of her wondering brood. So she disappeared from the view of the laughing, happy crowd on deck. But whichever way she rushed she always fetched up to the surface promptly, because of the vane in her head. Thus for a day and a night she fought aimlessly with all the forces of amazing vitality pent up in her huge body against these torturing disablements, until mercifully she fell in with a couple of ravenous congeners. Scenting fresh blood, they made for her straightway. Like mad things they fell upon her. Long and hard they strove, tearing their way through the tough framework until assistance came from all quarters, and a motley multitude of various hungry ones cleaned up every shred of the welcome banquet, leaving only the deserted pilot to seek another partner.

PRAISE FOR THE ASS.

VIRTUES OF THE HUMBLE MOKE HAVE BEEN SADLY OVERLOOKED.

From The New-Orleans Picayune.

To be called an ass is a great compliment. Humility, patience, charity and industry have been recognized as great virtues ever since mankind has been introspective; but the world has failed to notice that the ass, which is the brunt of the jests of all nations, possesses these qualities more fully than any other animal or any human being, except the proverbial one in a million.

Often we call the man whom we like "a rare old dog," and he rather likes it. If we call him a rare old ass, which is finer praise, he would get mad, however. We write poems in praise of the horse, though the horse is in so many respects the ass's inferior. The horse makes the brilliant cavalry charge, but it is the ass who brings up the army's ammunition and the food supplies. While one rides on a galloping horse over a plain in safety he despises the ass, and he still despises the ass when, forsaking his horse, he trusts his life to the ass in a mountain pass.

The ass is to be found in every part of the world, always melancholy and slow, nobly doing his work, whether in the Andes, the Himalayas, the Rockies, or in the place of his nativity, the Orient. Wherever he is, his dominant characteristics are the same. Wherever he is, he is generally abused; perhaps because he puts up with abuse so meekly.

Always he is the friend of the poor. In countries where horses cannot be afforded he is the sole means of transport. All day long he will go over a hot plain or up a rocky mountainside, loaded down with more than any horse could bear, though his weight is only half that of the average horse, while if a horse were limited to the food he subsists on the horse would fall down in its tracks and die, though it had no load. With the load it would fall down anyway.

That the ass can be cured of his only two vices of braying and kicking is proved by the superior conduct of the London moke, who is about a third cousin of the Oriental ass of myth, of fable and Biblical story. The moke, who is about the size of a big Newfoundland dog, draws the barrels of the costermongers who vend fruits and vegetables from door to door in all parts of the city.

All day you may occasionally hear him out of your window chivy-chivying with his rapid and mincing little steps over the asphalt pavements. At the same gait he will carry his barrel, well loaded with produce, and two big costermongers up the side of a hill. This sometimes calls for sharp remarks about brutes who ought to be in jail from old gentlemen with white side whiskers and a kindly expression of mouth, to which the costermonger usually replies: "G'arn, old plum pudding. It 'urts you more'n 'im."

Until Baroness Burdett-Coutts and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—organized in imitation of the original American society—took the matter in hand and made the passage of the law a matter of great sentimental moment in the House of Commons, instead of feeding his little donkey the costermonger usually beat him; and the moke, too patient and too humble to attempt to petition the Commons itself, tried to thrive on the whipping, and succeeded wonderfully.

There is no finer playfellow for children than a moke. When his fuzzy fur is washed it is soft, fluffy and pretty. A youngster may crawl all over him and under him, and pound and pull him in every part of his anatomy, and he will only smile the contented smile of the moke who is living in the moke heaven of currycombs and good rations.

That the ass is not stupid is proved by his equal cleverness with the horse in learning tricks, by his picking his way where a horse cannot go, by his calmness under conditions that make a horse uncontrollably fretful. But he seems homely and out of proportion, unless you look at him closely; and the world too often goes by appearances. Scrutinize sharply the patient face of the ass, and you will find those qualities which make a face educational and perhaps even beautiful.

AFTER BIG BIRDS.

THE VULTURE FAMILY IN THE ANDES—MONEY MADE IN HUNTING CONDORS IN CENTRAL CHILI.

Los Angeles correspondence Philadelphia Times.

In a few weeks we Yankees had learned every detail of hunting condors, and our native ingenuity had added to the experience of the Chilians. For months I got from ten to twenty condor heads every day, and each one in our party did half as well as that. My early training on the plains of Kansas and Nevada was my stock in trade. Every month during the years 1871, 1872 and 1873 I got warrants on the Chilian treasury for from $700 to $800. One month, when I had forwarded 216 dried condor heads to the Controller of Chili and had sworn that there was no fraud by me, I got a warrant for $1,080. That was the red-letter month in my condor-lassoing days. I was remote from civilization and so could not spend my money if I desired. I never saved money like that before nor since.

The big birds used to be found in flocks of seventy or eighty in the grazing countries of the lower Andes in Central Chili. Like other members of the vulture family they search everywhere for carcasses upon which to feed. They have a wonderfully keen eye, and I have proved to myself that a condor can see a dead animal ten or even fifteen miles away. I have tried experiments where condors have been allured over eight miles from a mountain crag above the snow line by a bait of a bleeding goat in the valley below.

But the condor differs with other members of the vulture family in that he doesn't wait for something or somebody to die in order that he may have his dinner, but if he doesn't find a ready-made carcass convenient on the plain when he is hungry he proceeds at once to provide that carcass himself. The herds of cattle that pastured on the undulating plains between the impenetrable wall of the Andes and the Pacific's white-crested line of surf offered the condor unrivalled facilities in his line in those days, and as he seemed to be in a state of chronic hunger this king of the feathered race levied constant tribute on the grazing herds.

Twenty-five years ago it was no uncommon thing to see hundreds of these freebooters hovering over the plains, each one a ravenous and determined dinner robber from the herds below, to which the shadow of a condor's wing carried as much terror as the appearance of a hawk does to a brood of chickens. The condor was the greatest enemy the stock-raisers in that part of South America had to contend with, and it was his persistent and destructive raids on grazing cattle that made him an outlaw with a price on his head.

How did we capture these ferocious birds? Our first job every morning before we had even a peep of sunlight over the mountains was to carry the carcass of a dead animal—a horse or a cow—out on the plain, where it could easily be seen from all points of the compass. We sometimes made a carcass do service for a fortnight, but it required a strong stomach and indifference to stench. We moved about every few days from one locality to another, and never put the rotting body twice in the same place, because of the extreme suspiciousness of an average condor. Generally we would move three or four miles every twenty-four hours. Sometimes, when we were not doing so well as we thought we should do, we would move ten miles away to another valley.

After we had placed our bait carcass we set up our tents and the canvas flies that concealed us and our horses from the view of the condors. Breakfast was no sooner over than we could see from our peepholes in the canvas that hid us several condors coming down through the clouds from the mountain crest straight toward our bait. We waited patiently until a dozen or more of the birds had eaten heartily of the meat we had provided for them, and then we sprang to our horses, which stood near, bridled and saddled, ready for the chase. In a second we were off, lariats in hand, after the condors.

It should be said here that when a condor has gorged itself with food it cannot rise for flight unless after a long distance of running to give itself momentum. It can get over ground, however, as fast as a dog. Our method was to follow the birds for half a mile or more, and then as they rose for flight to throw our lariats over their heads. An expert lassoer could send his rope over a condor's head and so manage it that it was slipped down until it touched the shoulders of the wings before it would be tightened on the bird.

The condor was then a prisoner, but able to use his powerful pinions, breathe freely and lead the horsemen a wild chase across the plain, turning in all directions in his frantic flight, but unable to rise higher than the length of the lasso. When the rider tired of the sport he would turn the horse about and lead the chase himself, forcing the unwilling bird along until it tumbled, spent, to the ground, and was dragged to death at the horse's heels.

VEGETARIAN ANIMALS.

CAT AND DOG CHAMPIONS OF THE NO-MEAT DIET.

From The Sketch.

Visitors to the Vegetarian Exhibition at the Memorial Hall found nothing to try their faith so severely as the vegetarian cat. It was not present in person, for the sufficient reason that it has been dead these two years; but its portrait in oils shows it to have been a more than usually comely specimen of its kind. Miss Whitfield, its owner during the fourteen years of its earthly career, asserts that the likeness does no more than justice. Queen Mab was a tabby, long-furred and finely marked. Her infancy was spent under the best auspices, her mother being a Persian and her birthplace a clergyman's house in Shropshire. She came into the care of Miss Whitfield at the age of three weeks, and since then till her lamented death remained under that lady's roof, not even proving inconstant, as some flesh-eating breeds do, when the household removed from Shropshire to Thornton Heath.

Queen Mab was a vegetarian, not by education, but by instinct. From the time when she deserted nature's sustenance she developed an extraordinary passion for vegetables of all kinds. Her favorites were peas, beans and Brussels sprouts, but nothing came amiss. She would go out into the garden and eat strawberries off their beds. Beetroot and dates she revelled in, though those are not uncommon feline tastes. In the case of potatoes she made a distinction. She would devour them with avidity, so long as they were not boiled. With that exception, she had no particular views about cooking. For beverages she preferred milk and cocoa. Her singular diet did not affect her health, for she lived to her mature age in the best of condition and temper.

On coming to the ticklish point of Queen Mab's vegetarian principles, it is necessary to make a qualification. Vegetarians, as we know, consist of more than one sect. Queen Mab may be called a vegetarian of the second degree. She was not averse to washing down a cauliflower with cream, and she would eat meat at a pinch, but her predilections were manifest from the first. When she could get vegetables she would not eat meat, and so the animal element was gradually dropped out of her bill of fare. Most of her peculiar tastes were acquired during her country life, when a large garden ministered to her every desire; and after coming to town her mistress made a point of seeing that the daily cabbage was not diminished.

Did Queen Mab catch mice? The truth will out; now and again, but rarely, she lapsed to that extent. But not in malice. "She would play with them," said Miss Whitfield. One last word, and it is a saddening one. Queen Mab's daughter and only descendant has succeeded to her place in the household. She is a voracious meat-eater.

As a type of a vegetarian dog may be mentioned Lord Bute Bruno a magnificent specimen of a smooth St. Bernard, standing thirty-four inches high at the shoulder, with the famous Plinlimmon blood on both sides. He is by Colonel Bute out of Lady Lill, and was born on March 23, 1893. His owner, Herbert S. Riant, first showed him at Cruft's in 1895, where he was "highly commended." Since then Lord Bute Bruno has lived the life of ease and luxury of a household pet, but this blissful state of existence will suffer a temporary eclipse during these closing weeks of the year, as Mr. Riant has decided to enter him for the show of the West Kensington Canine Society, to be held this month, and for the Jubilee open show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, which will be held in the grounds of the Earl's Court Exhibition in December. He will at any time turn from the tempting steak or chop—even from young ducklings, plump partridges and the savory grouse—and choose instead apples, oranges, melons, nuts (which must be cracked and peeled for him by his human friends)—in fact, every kind of fruit and vegetable.

A LANDLOCKED SALMON.

From The Philadelphia Press.

"Many years ago," said Clarence Pullen, traveller and lecturer, "an out-of-the-way lake in Maine was secretly stocked with land-locked salmon. At that time the nearest railway station was thirty-eight miles from the lake, which is about nine miles long by three wide. Not much fishing has ever been done in that sheet of water, because it is off from the regular lines of travel and there are no big hotels within scores of miles; besides it is practically unknown. I was there fishing one day, and becoming tired struggling with six, eight and ten pound salmon, decided to stroll up the mountainside to obtain a glimpse of the snow-capped peak of Mount Washington, over in New-Hampshire. In ascending I followed a brook which had formed many deep pools as it leaped in successive cascades down to its outlet into the lake. It was late in the season and the brook was nearly dry. I noticed a commotion in one of the narrow pools near the summit, and, peering into it, discerned a gigantic fish. Wading in I seized the monster and carried him struggling to the shore. It was a landlocked salmon that weighed thirty-two pounds. It had probably leaped up the cascades from pool to pool until it became imprisoned in one of the uppermost as the brook ran dry. If you doubt the story I'll take you up there some time and show you the pool."

EVIDENCES OF WEALTH.

From The Detroit Journal.

"They must be doing very well, financially. Their magazine has a million subscribers."

"Yes, subscribers to a magazine certainly do cost money, these days."

CLEARLY A SWINDLE.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Proprietor (of Dawson City restaurant)—What's the matter with that chap down there at the other end of the table?

Waiter—He's kickin' because there's more nuggets than noodles in his soup.